

zero-zero

CoMix!



©'97
G.O.H.

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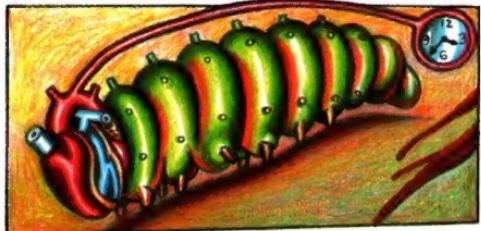


Fantagraphics Books

Sept. — Oct. 1997

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B l o o d n A P



continued on inside back cover

zero zero

Issue #20, September/October, 1997 • Edited by Kim Thompson • Art Direction by Brad Angell

Greetings and Salutations, Dear Double-Negative Readers.

Firstly I would like to apologize to everyone who has tried to contact me in the last several months, including cartoonists (whose submissions are piling up on the floor of my office) and letter writers (who have sent me many thoughtful and heartening missives, many of which deserved a reply). There are very good and complex explanations for the decrepit nature of my communicative endeavors lately, although they all boil down to: "I suck and I'm sorry." So if you're a cartoonist who's submitted work and haven't heard back from me, don't hesitate to call me up and badger me. (One reason I've been dodging submissions is, quite frankly, the next few issues of ZERO ZERO are completely full-up and even if I dug something out of the slushpile I liked, it wouldn't see print until next Fall.) But if anyone wants to drop me a note via e-mail — cartoonists questioning or submitting, readers congratulating, inquiring, or complaining — my new e-mail address is kim@fantagraphics.com. I promise I'll answer any e-mail within two working days.

We are pleased and delighted to be presenting the final chapter of "CRUMBLE" by Dave Cooper (page 5), which we've just heard will be excerpted in the Spring 1998 issue of MS. MAGAZINE. Just kidding. Ha ha. Still and all, we think Mr. Cooper deserves a big round of applause, at least from all of us testicle-bearing human beans, for daring to expose the sordid truth about the relationship between the sexes, namely that we men fear and loathe women as much as even maybe even more! (Note to my loving wife: I'm only kidding about this. This is just my "say-something-outrageous" editorial persona. Women are great and don't we men know it. Honest.) Assuming he doesn't end his days strung up from a lamppost by irate feminists, the prolific Mr. Cooper will be seen again starting this coming January with his five-part story "Dan and Larry" in *Dark Horse Presents*; his work can also be glimpsed on the back cover of the all-new Eros Comix graphic novel anthology *Dirty Stories*.

Hail Al Columbia, whose "AMNESIA" begins on page 17! This is the third of Mr. Columbia's astounding two-color strips (earlier ones appeared in #4 and #16, collectors please note). The estimable Mr. Columbia has kept himself busy of late applying colors to the eagerly-anticipated full-color *Sof'Boy* comic due later this year from Drawn & Quarterly (Chris Oliveros, call your accountant now!), and will soon begin work on his own first full-color comic. Can you imagine anything finer? We sure can't!

We are pleased to welcome back Glenn Head with "MAXWELL AND THE MECHANICAL BRIDES" (page 25), his first major new story since the second issue of *Gutternipe*. Mr. Head gets a special badge of honor here at ZZ, since it was his exemplary work with *Snake Eyes* that first led us to the crazy belief that perhaps it was possible to nurture an ongoing anthology in this wacky market. (Mr. Head even helped us launch *Zero Zero*, lo, these many years ago, by providing the back cover.)

"POP. 666" by those fun-loving Latin lunatics Francesca Ghermandi and Massimo Semerano, continues with a brief but pungent second chapter on

page 32. (Chapter 3, scheduled for an issue or two down the road, returns to a meatier length, never fear.) Some of you may be rubbing your eyes and experiencing a sense of déjà vu: "Have I seen this story before?" As a matter of fact, Mr. David Mazzucchelli printed this very same chapter in an issue of his luminous *Rubber Blanket* anthology (since sold out); in the interests of plot continuity, we thought it advisable to re-present that particular episode at this juncture — and in the process, we re-translated it pretty much from scratch, although we admit we went back to Mr. Mazzucchelli's most capable first translation whenever we got stuck.

Mack White returns with another chapter of "HOMUNCULUS," entitled "Gladiator," on page 56. Even as we type these words, we are gazing with fond rapture at Mr. White's spectacular cover for *Zero Zero* #22, in which he will cough up a double-length "Homunculus" chapter that introduces a new, four-legged character. True story: At this last San Diego Comic Con, a distinguished-looking gentleman perused the entire Fantagraphics booth and inventory until he'd finally wonnowed down his desires to a single comic. That comic was Mr. White's *Villa of the Mysteries* #2. And that distinguished gentleman was none other than Moebius. In case Mr. Moebius is reading this — yes, there will be a third issue of *Villa of the Mysteries* out in 1998, so start saving your *centimes*.

This issue's inside covers are being used to showcase another strip by M.L. Teague, man of mystery and intrigue, about whom little is known.

On our back cover, we're inordinately privileged to present the first American appearance of the legendary French cartoonist Mr. Lewis Trondheim — the first of several such elegant and humorous cartooning efforts to be showcased in *Zero Zero*. (Note: This particular strip originally appeared in the excellent French sci-fi comic *Fusée*.) For those who develop a Trondheim Jones based on this brief exposure, Fantagraphics will be releasing a full-color Tintin-format graphic album titled "Harum Scarum" in December, featuring Mr. Trondheim's funny-animal character McConey and his cadre of wacky friends. If you dig Trondheim's work, check out *The Comics Journal* #201, which will include a feature-length article on the subject. (For a good laugh, you can also check out *The Comics Journal* #199, which features a rather windy review of *Zero Zero* by one of those *Comics Journal* reviewers who gets all bent out of shape if every last strip doesn't resonate with Weight and Importance and Literary Merit and seem to be aiming for a Pulitzer Prize. He should go masturbate over his copy of *Maus* and leave decent hardworking funnybook scribblers alone, but what're you gonna do?)

Next issue will be extra special treat: We're debuting the latest *Zero Zero* serial, a 130-page *chef d'œuvre* by Kim Deitch entitled "The Search for Smilin' Ed" — and, conscious of the complaints we've received for stringing serials out beyond our readers' patience, we're going to cram all 130 pages of it into a mere five issues — starting with a full 48-page chapter! (Making it the biggest single dose of original Deitch ever presented in one fell swoop, aching out RAW's classic presentation of "The Boulevard of Broken Dreams" a decade or so ago.) Speaking of those serial complainers, Richard Sala's *The Chuckling Whatnot* will be released later this month as a neat little 200-page volume, with a slew of additional illustrations and goodies. Don't miss it!

— THE EDITORS

Zero Zero #20, September/October 1997. *Zero Zero* (ISSN: 1080-5923) is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are © 1997 their respective writers and artists: Al Columbia, Dave Cooper, Francesca Ghermandi and Massimo Semerano, Glenn Head, M.L. Teague, Lewis Trondheim, and Mack White. Cover © 1997 Glenn Head. Color separations by Chris Brownrigg. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in *Zero Zero* and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of biographical and autobiographical material and for purposes of satire. Letters to *Zero Zero* become the property of the magazine and are assumed for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for these purposes. First printing: Sept. 1997. Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way Northeast, Seattle, WA, 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA.

THE zERO zERO BOOKSHELF

Rick Altergott: *DOOFUS #1-2*: New issue just released! Disgusting stories featuring the pantie-sniffing Doofus, bizarre Wally-Wood-on-acid art. Don't miss! \$2.95 (#1), \$3.50 (#2)

Max Anderson: *PIXT*: Original 72-page graphic novel from this Swedish master of the macabre. \$11.95

Dave Collier: *COLLIER'S #1-3*: All three issues still available. Issue #3, the true story of fake-Native American "Grey Owl," is especially impressive. \$2.75 (#1-3), \$3.50

Al Columbia: *THE BIOLOGIC SHOW #0-1*: Nightmares will haunt you after you read these lovingly-delineated perversions. "Pim and Francie" appear in both issues. Hail Columbia! \$2.95 each

Dave Cooper: *SUCKLE: THE STATURE OF BASIL*: Cooper's first graphic novel is a surreal travelogue through a nightmare cartoon universe. Nominated as "Best Original Graphic Novel" of 1996, deservedly so. \$14.95

Dave Cooper: *PRESSED TONGUE #1-3*: A mini-series about a depraved landlord and his bizarre tenants; Cooper's last work before *Suckle*. \$2.95 each

Kim Deitch: *ALL-WALDO COMICS AND A SHROUD FOR WALDO*: The cat came back in these two paperbacks (the first a collection of vintage underground stories, the second a collection of the '80s *L.A. Reader* serial). \$7.95

Kim Deitch: *Beyond THE PALE*: 144 pages of weird and woolly comix from the birth of the undergrounds through the end of *Warts*. \$14.95

Kim Deitch: *WALDOWORLD #1-3*: The latest graphic novel from Deitch, starring his calcutin' cartoon cat. \$2.50 each

Mike Diana: *THE WORST OF BOILED ANGEL*: They threw his ass in jail over this. The least you can do is buy it. Very offensive. \$16.95

Bill Griffith: *ARE WE HAVING FUN YET?*: 128 pages of all-original Griffith stuff — this is not the underground comic, nor the syndicated strip. \$12.95

Bill Griffith: *ZIPPY QUARTERLY #11-16*: Keep up with the pinhead! Each issue features over 100 dailies and a dozen Sundays in full color. \$3.95 each

Bill Griffith: *ZIPPY'S HOUSE OF FUN*: Full-color! Hardcover! Signed and limited to 2,000 copies! 216 Sunday strips shot from the original negatives! A coffee-table Zippy book if ever there was one. \$39.95

Glen Head: *GUTTERSNIPE #1-2*: Urban angst and guerrilla cartooning from a NYC punk. \$3.50 (#1), \$3.95 (#2)

Glen Head: *AVENUE D*: The best of Head's early work. \$2.95

Sam Henderson: *HUMOR CAN BE FUNNY*: Collects Henderson's *Magic Whistle* comics and gags. So funny you'll shit. \$14.95

Sam Henderson: *OH THAT MONROE!*: Henderson's everyman loser. Includes the classic "Night of 1,000 Assholes," many more stories. \$6.95

Kaz: *UNDERWORLD VOL. 1-2*: Each volume includes a year and a half's worth of this post-Popeye punk strip. \$9.95 each

Kaz: *SIDETRACK CITY*: Kaz's best, from *Snake Eyes* and elsewhere. \$9.95

Joe Sacco: *PALESTINE VOL. 1 and 2*: Award-winning journalism in cartoon form. \$16.95 each

Joe Sacco: *WAR JUNKIE*: The Gulf War, a rock 'n' roll tour, the history of bombing, a major depression, and more from the creator of *Palestine*. \$16.95 each

Richard Sala: *BLACK CAT CROSSING*: Ninety-six-page collection (including eight pages in color) from *Raw*, *Blab*, *Drawn & Quarterly*, and elsewhere, by the creator of "The Chuckling Whatstis." \$10.95

Spain: *TRUE STORY*: Autobiography and historical fiction from one of the undergrounds' masters. \$14.95

Spain: *TRASHMAN LIVES!*: Underground super-hero lives again in this fine collection of violent agit-prop. \$14.95

Henriette Valium: *PRIMITIVE CRETIN #1*: Big, ACME-sized collection of outrageous strips from the lunatic Quebec cartoonist. \$8.95

Skip Williamson: *THE SCUM ALSO RISES*: Snappy Sammy Smoot and more; includes startlingly gorgeous full-color section, and many funny strips from undergrounds' golden age. \$14.95

Mack White: *VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES #1-2*: Texas noir runs rampant in these two issues. \$3.95 each

zERO zERO back issues

ZERO ZERO #1 (March/April 1996):

Big debut issue, featuring Ted Stearn's "Fuzz and Pluck," "The Man With the Big Head" by David Holzman, Frank Stack's "New Adventures of Jesus," plus Pat Moriarity and Charles Bukowski, Max Anderson, Glen Head, Henriette Valium, the first Collier strip, and a Panter cover. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #2 (May/June 1996):

Every issue from here on features "The Chuckling Whatstis" by Richard Sala. Also, Mack White's "Homunculus," "Car-Boy" by Max Anderson, new "Trashman" story by Spain, David Mazzucchelli, Matsi!, and more. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #3 (July 1996):

ZZ debuts from Skip Williamson and Rick Altergott, Max Anderson's "Lolita," plus Mark Newgarden, "Fuzz and Pluck," and a cover by Henriette Valium. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #4 (Aug 1996):

"Meat Box" by Kaz and Georgakis premiers, plus Carol Tyler, Max Anderson, Mark Beyer, a Ted Stearn "dream" story, and Al Columbia's notorious "I Was Killing When Killing Wan'n Cool." \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #5 (Sept/Oct. 1996):

Joe Coleman cover! Chris Ware frontispiece! Justin Green back cover! Plus Kim Deitch, extra-long Anderson Car-Bay story, "Meat Box," and Homunculus. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #6 (Nov/Dec. 1996):

Kim Deitch premieres "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare!" Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," Skip Williamson, Penny Van Horn, and Rick Altergott. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #7 (Jan/Feb. 1996):

"Molly O'Dare" continues! 18-page "BestWorld" cover story by Bill Griffith! Plus Max Anderson, Gilbert Hernandez, Archer Prewitt, and more. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #8 (March/April 1996):

Extra-long anniversary issue, with 2-color "Sol Boy" story by Archer Prewitt, "Al Columbia, the end of Molly O'Dare," Henriette Valium, "Homunculus," and "Fuzz and Pluck," and a cover by Charles Burns. \$5.95

ZERO ZERO #9 (May/June 1996): Snappy Sammy Smoot returns in a new story and cover by Skip Williamson! Sam Henderson and Stephane Blanquet lose their ZZ cherries, the first story by Susan Catherine and Oscar Zarate, and a Valium back cover. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #10 (July 1996):

Ultra-groovy Drew Friedman cover! Eight Henriette Valium strips! A "Monroe" story by Sam Henderson! plus Max Anderson, Aleksandar Zografi, Jeff Johnson, more! \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #11 (Aug 1996):

Drew Cooper's "Suckle" (which will run from #11 to #16 and #18 to #20) premieres! Plus Ted Stearn, Kaz, David Mazzucchelli, Max Anderson, and Roy Tompkins. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #12 (Sept/Oct. 1996):

Max Anderson's 15-page "Death," his biggest story since *Play!* P. Revess and Joakim Pirinen make their ZZ debuts, plus Michael Dougan and a back cover by Dan Cloves. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #13 (Nov/Dec. 1996):

Extra-long "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter, plus Sam Henderson, Skip Williamson, "Homunculus," Idiotland by Doug Allen, and Jim Blanchard. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #14 (Jan/Feb. 1997):

Stephanie Blanquet cover, plus two, count 'em two, "Silent Stories!" Also, Mike Diana, Terry LaBan, and a Kim Deitch back cover. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #15 (March 1997):

Joe Sacco heads for Bosnia with 15-page "Christmas With Karadzic," first major story since *Palestine*! Plus Revess, Valium, Henderson, Columbia, and the serials. \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #16 (April/May 1997):

Big ol' Brute of an anniversary issue, with a full-color "Jimmy Corrigan" story by Chris Ware, striking 2-color stories by Al Columbia ("Blood Clot Boy") and Henriette Valium ("The Man in the Sewer"), a new chapter of "MeatBox," plus Joakim Pirinen, Penny van Horn, Skip Williamson, P. Revess, Aleksandar Zografi, Krystine Krytre, and a cover by Kaz. \$5.95

ZERO ZERO #17 (June 1997):

Michael Dougan's terrifying "Double Booked" Penultimate "Chuckling Whatstis" new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter, and more! \$3.95

ZERO ZERO #18 (July 1997):

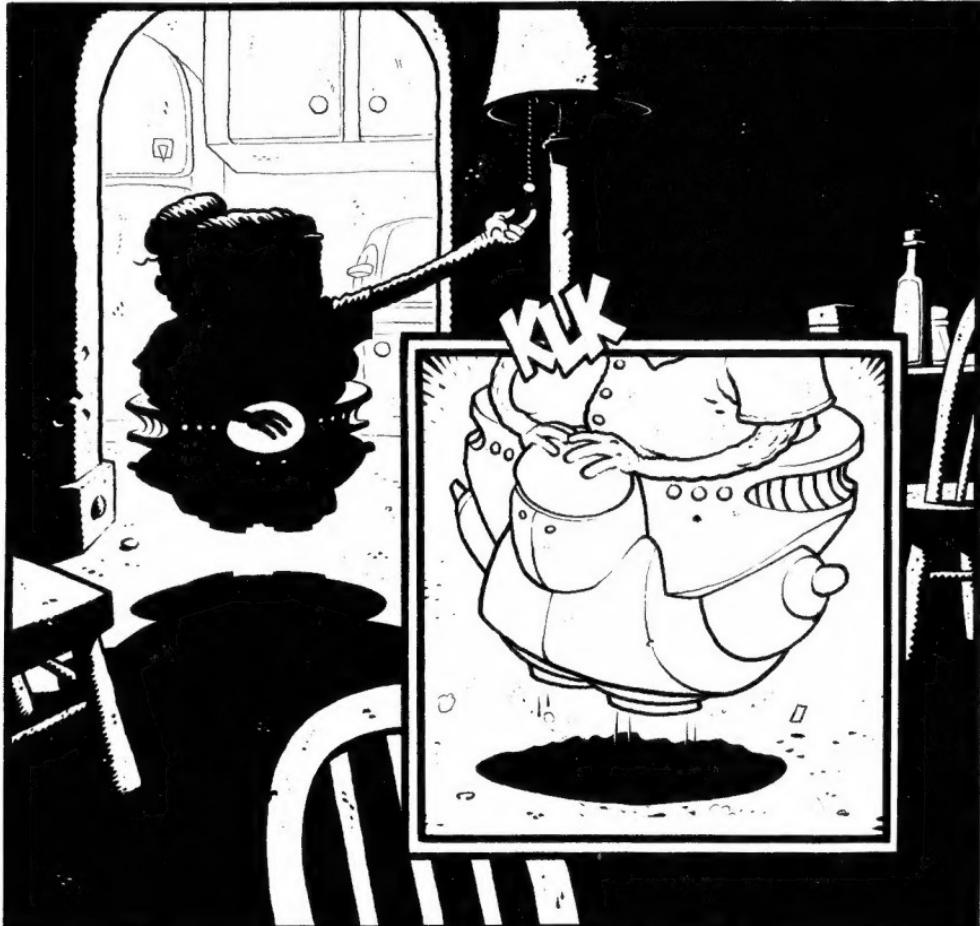
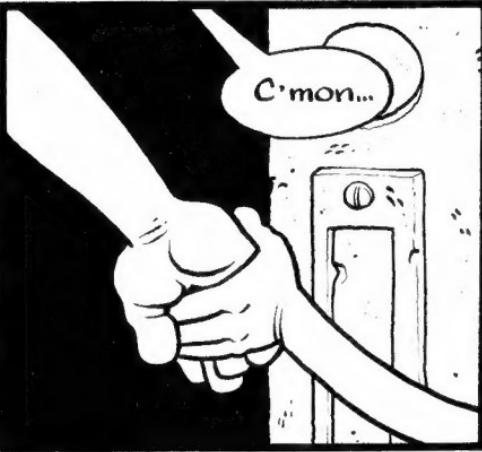
Especially lame Sam Henderson cover story! "Young Jeffrey Dahmer" by Derf! Plus J.R. Williams, M.L. Teague, Archer Prewitt, and Walt Holcombe! \$3.95

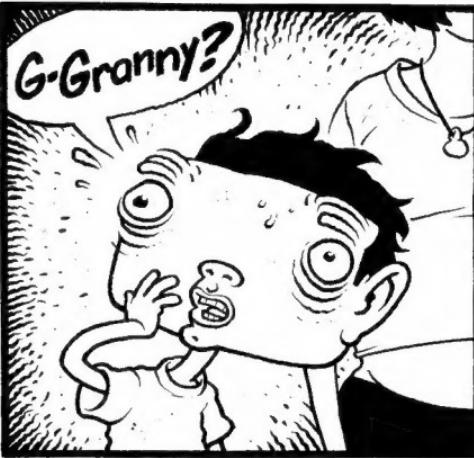
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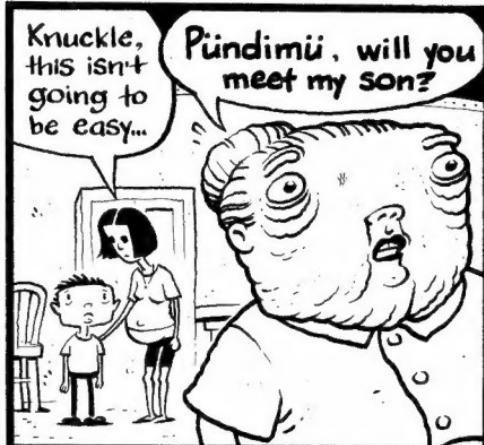
CRUMBLE chapter NINE

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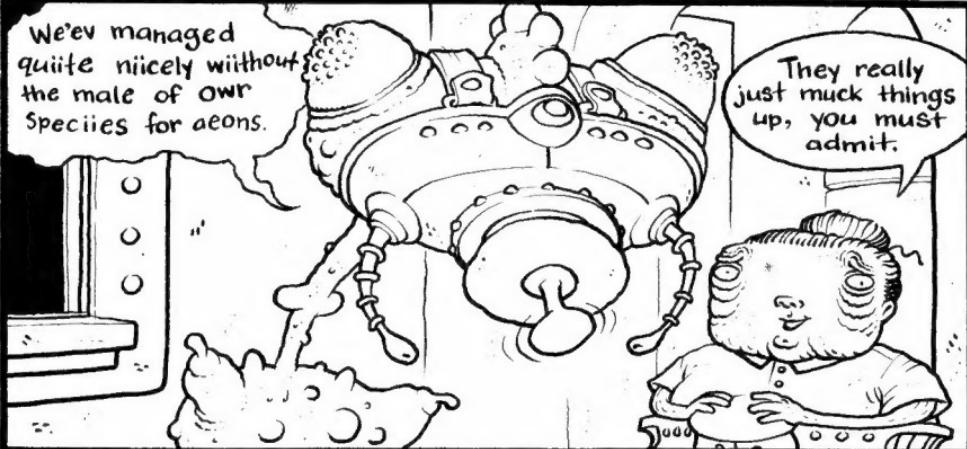








? Pündimü--
Snlilushm pülstr
demonstrelü?



Okay. ...So... a million years from now the planet will be infested with Alien half-breeds & lesbians-- nice.

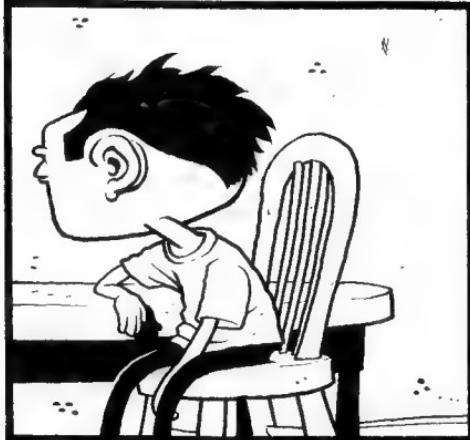
'Couldn't be much worse than what we've got **NOW**.'

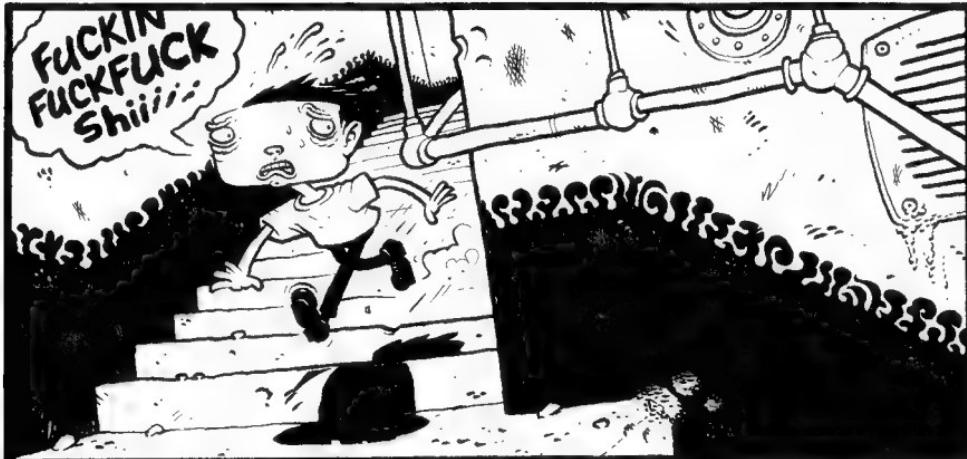


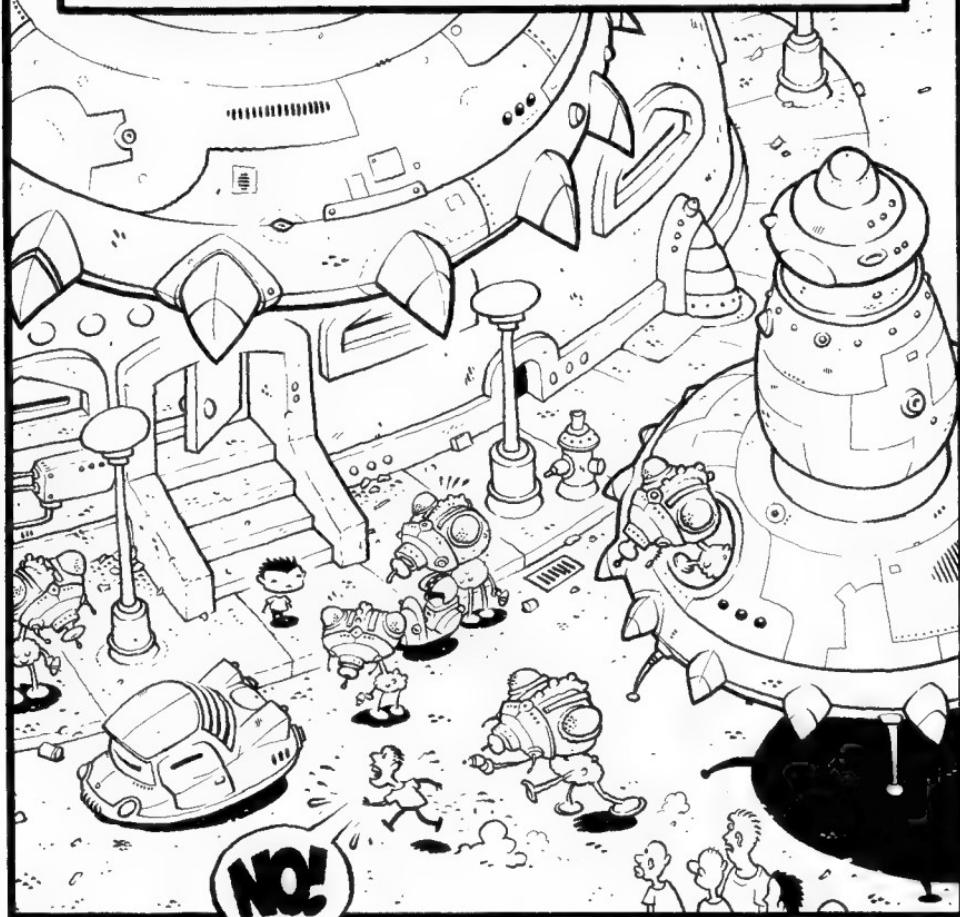
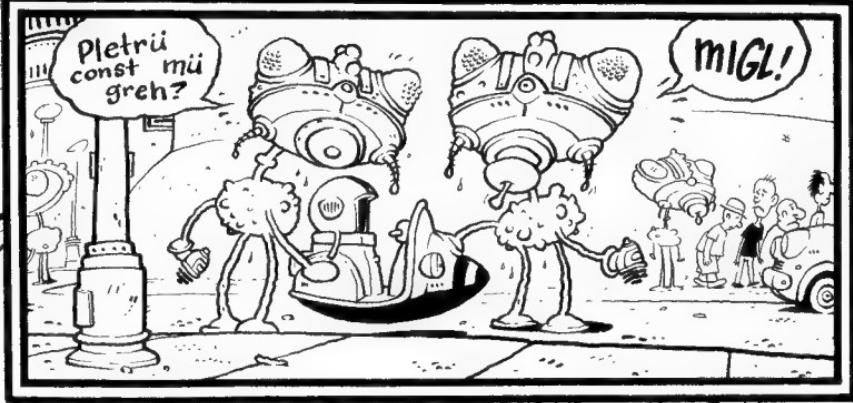
Knuckle, don't look so **anxious**. It will be **ages** before they can develop human reproduction without male sperm.

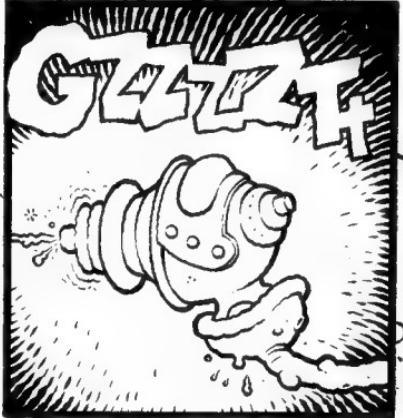
Probably not in **your** lifetime, Sweetheart. So, we've seen to it that you be one of the lucky few. You'll be kept in a home. ...treated well.

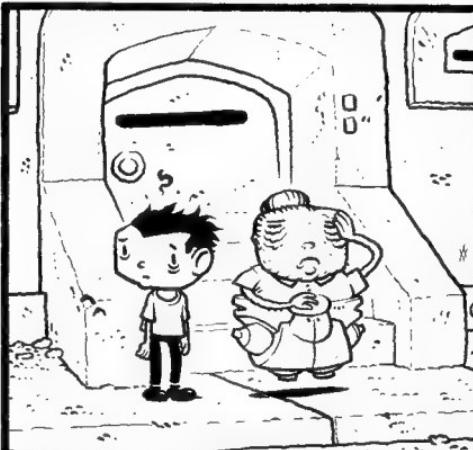


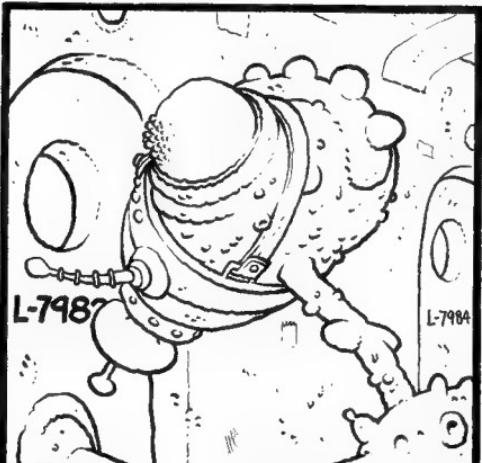
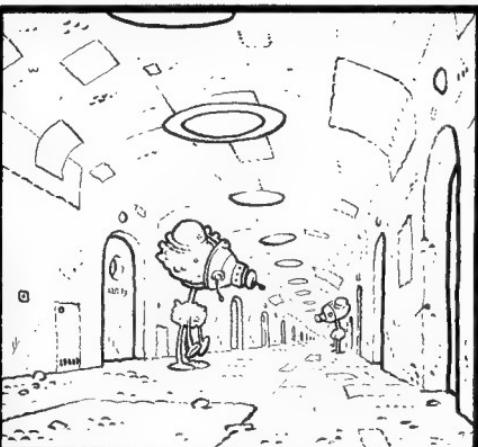
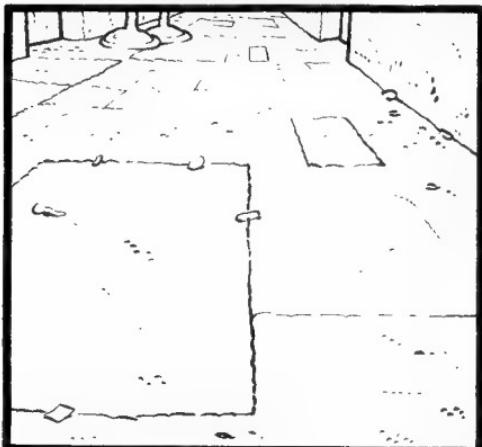
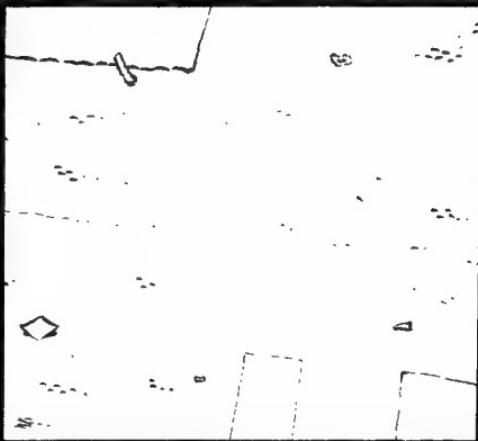


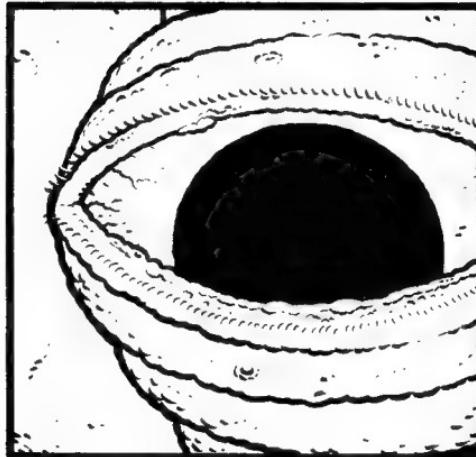
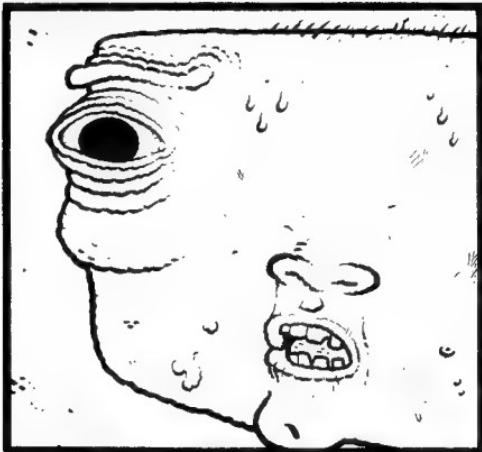
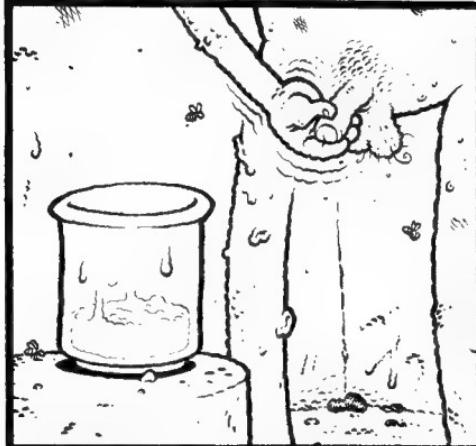






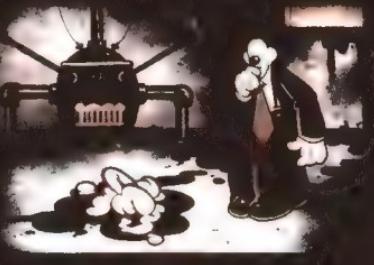






AMNESIA

AL COLUMBIA 1991



"Now, I truly laugh, but consider this: only a few years ago, I was passing nearly alone, in full possession of my faculties, quite bright, and highly respected with status and respectability. I was clever, witty, readily chosen as a speaker, and never found at anything no."

"Now, I know that my enjoyment of life was based on this belief and hope: a state of 'blissful happiness' if you will. I was seldom troubled by any shortcomings as I was certain that God had granted me the blessing of a long, long life in which I, Mr. Doubtless, would be the most important person there."





Despite having absolutely no idea who his visitor might be, Mr. Sunshine nevertheless found himself strolling amiably by his side. Fearing that any uncertainty or hesitation on his part would be perceived as a blunder in manners or conduct, Mr Sunshine simply went along with it all; he reckoned this would save him the perfect embarrassment of being mistaken for somebody who wasn't 100% sure of himself, that is to say, someone lacking full control of his wits, someone weak-willed, someone stupid.





Now, to be true the prospect of a dubious mission had initially lifted Seymour's spirits a bit. However, the foreign landscapes and shifting backdrops only served to increase his bewilderment and the insidious feeling that his bewilderment was somehow *very closely* associated with his present activity, an activity the likes of which he couldn't properly define or recall leaving him overwhelmed with the intense spiritual dissatisfaction of having perpetrated a folly of ridiculous proportions.

He never could tell whether he'd violated an unspoken taboo of the "Masters" or not. He knew, however, that whatever he did, it was wrong. He was convinced that his only mistake was to have stepped skin to spider or burglar.









It was precisely at this moment of reprieve that Mr. Sunshine's memory restored itself with intoxicating clarity. He sprang to his feet and began smoothing his little comrade, finally recognizing him to be longtime side-kick Knashkeebibble the Monkey Boy childhood icon for mischievous and filthy pleasures.



"Don't you SEE? These ghouls are merely PIGMENTS of my IMAGINATION and this causes me no physical harm! Only mental harm! Knashkeebibble! We're absolutely nothing to fear! Watch! I'll show you!"



43. "AHHH... Very good. Very good. Everyone can hear now? Excellent! Well, let me start by saying that you can wipe those deadly smudges off your face because as your little black-boy act, OVER! That's right. The BIG ONE!"



"Ho-ho-ho! Yes indeed! For I've just realized that all of you, while seemingly three dimensional and quite menacing, are actually just a machination of mine gone haywire, a freakish by-product of my imagination!"



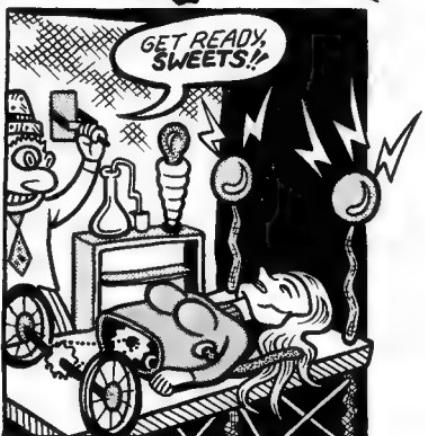
"There's really no reason we couldn't make a profit on
a movie theater and share. We could have a jolly good time if you
decided we deserved it as much as anyone, under one banner, one roof."

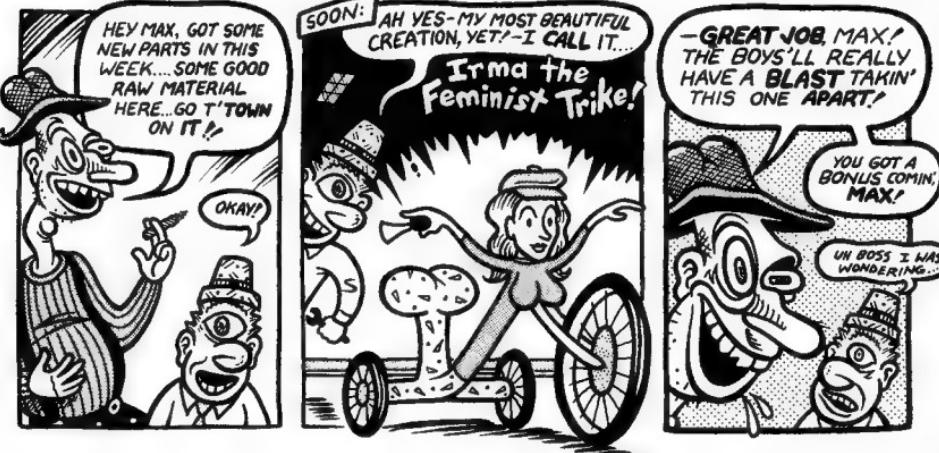
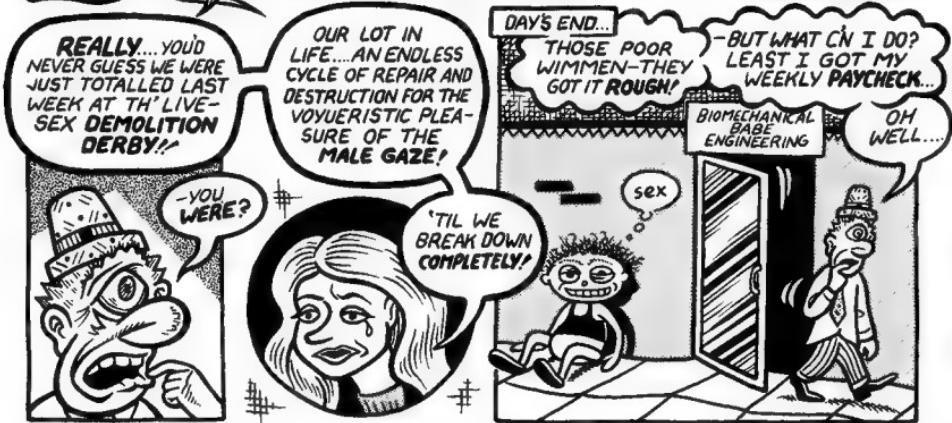
"Together gentlemen we could work wonders! Heroes over the world! If we could somehow bind all nations to our own dominant will, then each of you in turn would become king of your own right! You too could have subjects and servants and slaves and be called 'LORD'."



Maxwell and the Mechanical Horides











BUT WHERE WE GONNA GO?

TO TH' OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN! I NEED YOUR HELP WITH SOMETHING, MAX....

HERE WE ARE.... THESE'RE THE REMAINS OF MY GIRLFRIENDS...

JEB'S JUNKYARD
YOU MAIL 'EM!! WE HAUL 'EM!!

YEAH... I BUILT THEM-THEY WERE DUMPED HERE, WHEN THEY BROKE DOWN....



20 MINS.
LATER...

CAN YOU REBUILD THEM?

MAYBE MIGHT TAKE AWHILE...

I HAVE FAITH IN YOU, MAX!

SMACK!

-BEFORE LONG THE JUNKYARD IS ABUZZ WITH MECHANICAL BRIDES!

WHO ARE SOON BRIDESMAIDS AT MAX AND IRMA'S WEDDING!!

LATER, GANG!

YOU GOT A LOT GOIN' FOR YOU, MAX....

JUST GOTTA STOP TRYIN' T' OFF YERSELF!

JUST MARRIED.

AND SO....A BRIGHT NEW LIFE AND A NEW TOWN FOR THE NEWLYWEDS!



IRMA GETS A JOB AT A RAPE CRISIS CENTER....



AND MAX TAKES A MECHANICS GIG AT A LOCAL GARAGE....



THEY DO THEIR BEST TO GET ALONG....

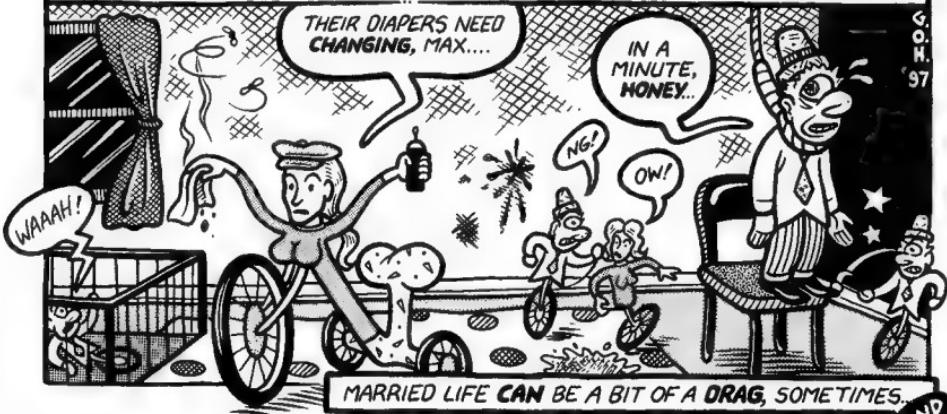


-AND BEFORE LONG, THE INEVITABLE....



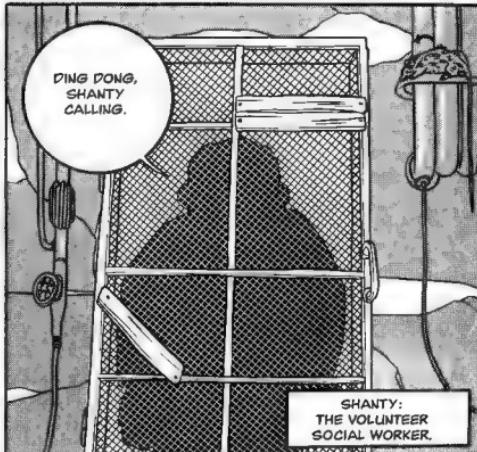
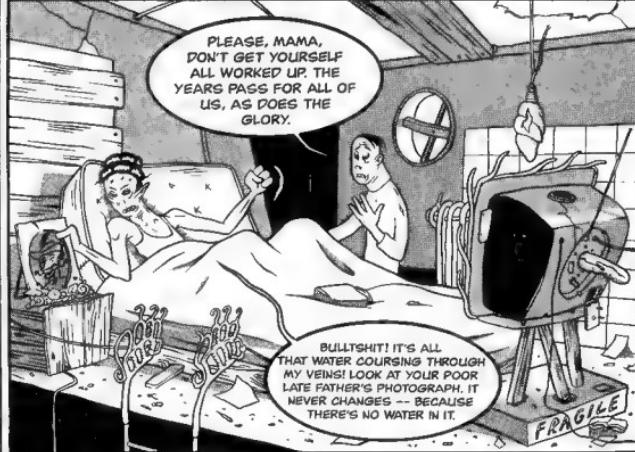
BLAM!

ALL IN ALL, IT'S A PRETTY GOOD LIFE FOR BOTH OF THEM — OF COURSE,....

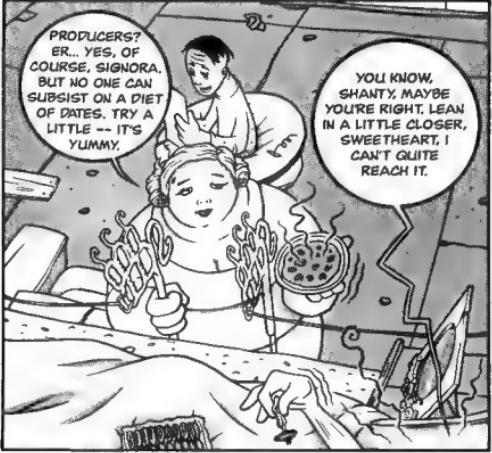


MARRIED LIFE CAN BE A BIT OF A DRAG, SOMETIMES.

END







THE NEXT DAY...

DING DONG,
SHANTY CALLING.

AH! WHAT
A FINE PARTY THIS
IS NOW! LOOK AT THIS
REPUGNANT CAKE MY SON
MADE -- RAW AND SOGGY!
HOW COULD ANTONIO AND I
HAVE SPAWNED SUCH
A RETARD?

DON'T BE
ANGRY WITH HIM --
IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT
COUNTS. I EVEN BROUGHT
YOU A PRESENT. PERHAPS
WE CAN BE FRIENDS --
HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
SIGNORA.

A PRESENT?
REALLY? FOR ME?
EH... NO OFFENSE,
BUT I DOUBT WE
SHARE THE SAME
TASTE. C'MON, THEN,
HAND IT OVER -- LET
ME HAVE IT!

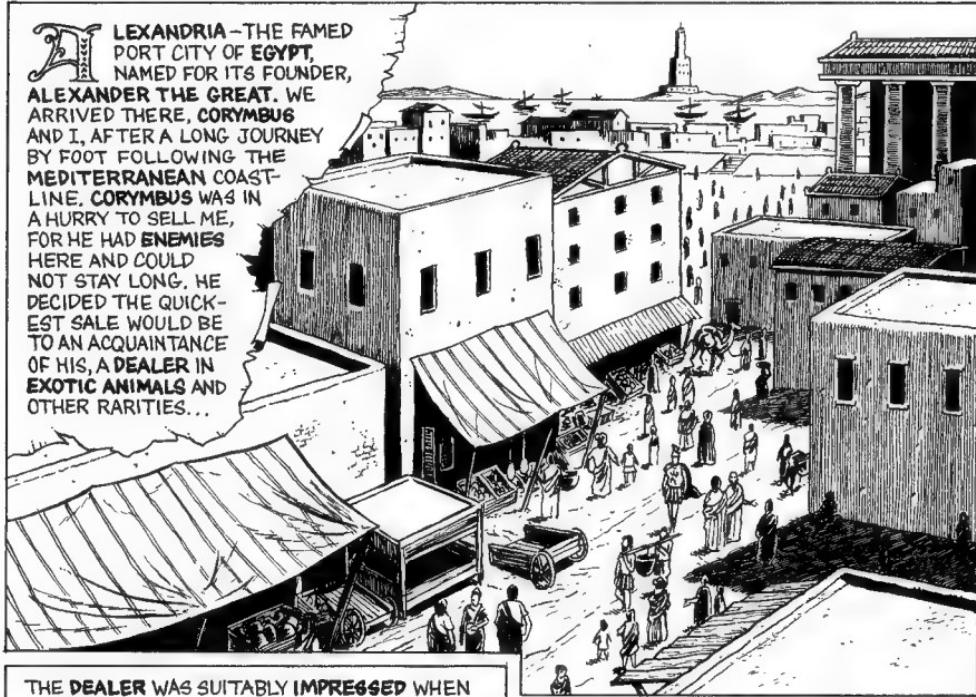
I JUST KNOW I'LL HATE IT.
HOW DO YOU GET THIS
THING OPEN ANYWAY? AH,
THERE WE GO...

YOUR CATS,
SIGNORA. I HAD THEM
STUFFED -- NOW THEY'RE
GUARANTEED 100%
LIQUID FREE. OH, AND
I NAMED THEM ALL
"ANTONIO"...

HOMVNCVLVS: GLADIATOR

BY
MACK
WHITE

ALEXANDRIA - THE FAMED PORT CITY OF EGYPT, NAMED FOR ITS FOUNDER, ALEXANDER THE GREAT. WE ARRIVED THERE, CORYMBUS AND I, AFTER A LONG JOURNEY BY FOOT FOLLOWING THE MEDITERRANEAN COASTLINE. CORYMBUS WAS IN A HURRY TO SELL ME, FOR HE HAD ENEMIES HERE AND COULD NOT STAY LONG. HE DECIDED THE QUICKEST SALE WOULD BE TO AN ACQUAINTANCE OF HIS, A DEALER IN EXOTIC ANIMALS AND OTHER RARITIES...



THE DEALER WAS SUITABLY IMPRESSED WHEN HE SAW ME...



I WAS QUICKLY SOLD AND PUT IN A CAGE SURROUNDED BY WILD BEASTS DESTINED FOR THE COLOSSEUMS. THEN I WAS SOLD AGAIN...



MY NEW OWNER WAS ONE LICINIUS MARULLUS, A WEALTHY ROMAN MERCHANT WHO LIVED IN A VILLA ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ALEXANDRIA. HE BOUGHT ME AS A PET FOR HIS DAUGHTER...



AT THAT MOMENT MARULLUS' SON, VARELIUS, WALKED UP AND ASKED...

CAN'T I HAVE ONE, FATHER?

NOW, SON, I GAVE YOU A MONKEY! IT WAS JUST YESTERDAY, IN FACT. IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT HE DROWNED!

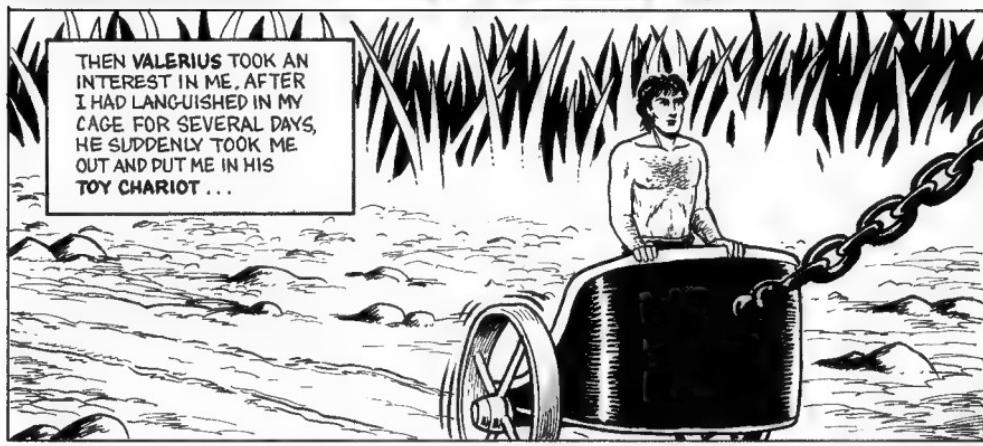
AS PLAYTHING FOR YOUNG LYDIA MARULLUS, I WAS REQUIRED TO WEAR ALL MANNER OF SILLY DOLL COSTUME AND PARTICIPATE IN ENDLESS GAMES OF PRETEND...



BUT, BEFORE LONG, THE CHILD GREW BORED WITH ME, AND I WAS LEFT ALONE. I SPENT MY DAYS IN MY CELL, DESPONDENT. NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE SHIPWRECK, I HAD TIME TO CONSIDER MY CIRCUMSTANCES. I DESPAIRED OF EVER FINDING MY LOST TWIN AND RESUMING THE LIFE OF A GOD. ESCAPE WOULD HAVE BEEN EASY ENOUGH, BUT I DOUBTED I COULD GET BACK HOME ON MY OWN...



THEN VALERIUS TOOK AN INTEREST IN ME. AFTER I HAD LANCUISHED IN MY CAGE FOR SEVERAL DAYS, HE SUDDENLY TOOK ME OUT AND PUT ME IN HIS TOY CHARIOT ...



THE CHARIOT RIDE ENDED AT A MINIATURE COLOSSEUM—ANOTHER OF HIS MANY TOYS...



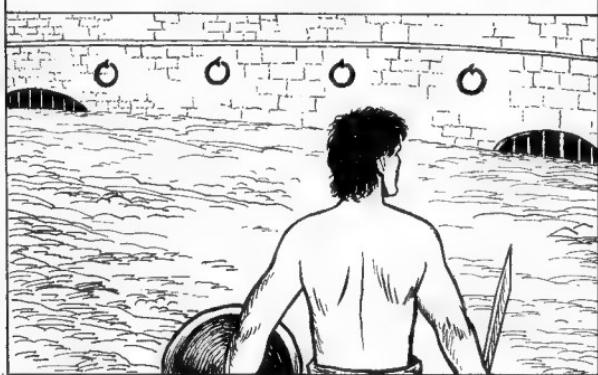
THE BOY GAVE ME A NUDGE AND
I ENTERED THE COLOSSEUM...



THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND ME AND
I CROSSED THE ARENA. ABOVE,
VALERIUS BRIEFLY APPEARED...



APPREHENSIVE, I BEGAN SLOWLY BACKING UP, LOOK-
ING AROUND IN ALL DIRECTIONS...



CREEEAAK...



I WHIRLED AROUND AND —

GREAT ZEUS!



AS THE CAT SQUEEZED THROUGH THE DOOR, I SUDDENLY DISCOVERED WITHIN MYSELF AN IMPULSE FOR SELF-PRESERVATION — I BOLTED ACROSS THE ARENA...





the Cosmonaut



A Pyramid Scan



CAC • Quality • CBZ